THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER. OFFICE IN CORD'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET

The Recurrent will be send an year, by made of delivered at the office, where payment is tail, strictly in advance, for Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, 2 to Ifnot paid within any months, 20 cents additional

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tied. Middlebury, June 1, 1855. N. HARRIS M. D.,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Teeth filled with Crystalized Gold, all operations done in Dentistry as usual, office at his residence on Park Street, west side of the little Park.

H. KINGSLEY. Surgical and Machanical Dentist Rooms in Brewster's Block, Main St., one doo North of the Post Office. All operations upon the Teeth will be performed in accordance with the latest improvement in the Art and warranted.

DR. JENNINGS Would take this method to inform the public that he has concluded to make this place his co-idence, and would here express his gratifule to his numerous patrons in this, is well as the airrounding towns, and hopes he may still merit their

patronage.

Or. Jennings, would inform his patron that he has again taken rooms at the Addi son House, where he will give his midivided attention to all who give him a call. Middlebury, Nov. 25th, 1867.

SIMILIA SIMILIABUS CURANTUR GRATEFUL FOR PAST FAVORS, Dr. O. has taken into connection, in the practice Homogorarute Mentersu and Suscess, E. GERENS, M. D., a graduate from the Western Homoopathic Geliege, at Cleveland, Ohio. By thi arrangement Drs. Ext. is and GREENE hope to be able (in a good degree; to supply the constant) increasing demands for Homoopathic Remedies to

West Cornwall, March 21, 1858. JOHN W. STEWART. MIDDLEDURY, VERMONT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 2

CALVIN G. TILDEN. Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1850. 32;

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Books, Stationery, Magazines, NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PUBLICATION At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge S. HOLTON, JR.,

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MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT GEORGE M. BROWN.

TAILOR,
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend all business in his line. Cutting done to suit customers

Wanteb- a good Journeyman. Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856 26;tf MIDDLEBURY

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE IRON STORE.

JASON DAVENPORT, Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. TRON, STOVES, HARD WAR!

ADDISON HOUSE. ADDISON HOUSE.

The invertibers would respect fully give a six that they have icased the "Addison thouse for a term of years and that the proprietors have fitted the house in every part, and the acciliors have re-furnished it with a large our of new familiare, and nothing shall be want out their part to make everything confortable appearant for their guests. Excellent stables at the best attention for turses will be provided to country residents will find a pleasant and consider home at the most liberal rates. Special discements will be offered for country curves ers. Large and small parties will be accounted dated at about notice.

ADAMS, BROTHLES

Middlebury, July 15, 1857.

POETRY.

To My Wife.

County or accept—The lone y without thee-bey the and night time I'm thinking about thee Night that and my time in drams I bained thee. Unwell me the walking which emiss to fold them. Come to not, during, my a crow to lighten, Company they beauty to alone as ditto brighter Come in thy women's oil, weakly and lowly, Come in the lowinguese, queenly and hely!

Bwallow- will flit round the desolate rule, Telling of Spring and its joynus renewing; and the again of the love, and its manifold tree

O Spring of my spirit t O May o my becom; Shing one or my secitall it bourgeon and blossom The water of my life has a rose root within it. And they fendings along to the sumbine can win i

Figure that moves the arong through the syste-Features lit up by a reflex from heaven— Smiles coming soldom, but child-like and simple, I mi opening their eyes from the heart of a dim-

O, thouses to the Savier, that even by reeming le loft to the excis to brighten his dreaming.

on have been glad when you knew I was glad-Dar see you sail now, to hear I am smidened

Our hears over mover in time and in time, love As occave to octave, and shyme unto shyme, love I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing: You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing I would not die without you at my aide, love, You will not linger when I will have died, love. Come to me dear, are I die of my sorrow

Rise on tay gloom like the sun of to-morrow. Strong, swiff and fond as the words which I speak,

With a same on your up and a mile on your check,

Come, for my heart in your absence is weary-Haste for my spirit is sickened-in it dreary; Come to the erms which alone should cares ther Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Singular Murder Case. Forty-three years ago there lived in the

vicinity of Manchester, Vt., two mon by the name of Bowne, and another brotherin-law to the Bownes, by the name of Colvin. These three men lived with their families in log cabing upon a new territory, a little out of the neighbors, where they often worked together in clearing up the land, or planting and tending their crops. As it was then the universal fashion in that now total abstinence state to drink whisky to excess, it followed as a matter of course that there was an occasional quarrel, and sometimes a drunken row, such as would pass muster even at this day in New York. Our informant stated, also, that the women were not exempt entirely from spiritual influences Each of the the parties, we believe, had children; at any rate Colvin bad several, and some of these, in his drunken moments, he denied the right of calling him father, and that produced quarrels beween him and his wife. In these as the Bownes alleged, he shamefully belied and abused their sister, and for which they had often been heard to threaten him with vengence-the witness said with death-In this state of family difficulties they were living, when one day, while at work together, either planting or hoeing a crop the brothers and brother in-law got into a violent quarrel-so afterwards said the woman, who alone witnessed it-during which Colvin disappeared.

Of course, every body believed that the Bownes had murdered and secreted the missing Colvin. To all inquiries the same tale was told, that he had gone off. no one knew why or where, and nowhere could he be heard of by personal inquiries or through the press. Newspapers were not the institution then that they are now. The Bownes acknowledged that in the quarrel one of them struck Colvin a nexts severe blow on the head with his hoe, but that it did not disable him, because he immediately walked off and went directly into the woods, hatless and coatless and barefoot; and as he was not again seen or heard of, they come to pelieve, in the course of seven years that intervened between that time and their trial and condemnation for his murder. that he had crept away into some hole in the woods, and there died of the wound in the head, of which they had no means of knowing whether it was severe or not. They only knew that blood flowed freely from it, but that he walked away as strong as ever. Of course no indictment could be found against Colvin's supposed murderers, because the strongest proof of his death, his corpse, was undiscovered; and thus the case rested for seven years, his wife hechded, looking upon his children as fatherless, and upon her brothers as guilty at least of manslaughter.

About that time the field where they were at work at the time of Colvin's disappearance came into the possession of a man who had always believed the Bownee guilty of murder, and, as they said, determined to prove them guilty; and he commenced a thorough search of the premises, and found in a sort of a sinkhole, partly filled with logs, and overgrown with bushes and briers, some but-

belonged to the coat that Calvin wore unon the day he was murdered. A jack knife which he carried in the pocket of that coat was also found, and near the same snot were discovered several banes which had once belonged to a human being. Of the buttons and jack-knife there was no doubt, not even in the minds of the Bownes, because they knew he did not wear his cont away. Of the bones being those of the murdered man there was a doubt, because men of good judgmant testified they were too old, and that if Colvin's they would not only be soundor but more of them. Where was the remainder of the skeleton? This question was often put and always unanswered. And so the two Bownes were indicted and put upon their trial for murder .-Then all these contradictory statements made in seven years were introduced and contrasted with their asservatious of that moment when they were environed with danger, and anxious to escape a charge of which they were not guilty, so far as of intentional murder, although fully believing that Colvin had died from the effects of that affray. As usual in all cases admitting of doubt there was a party in their favor which was not entirely silenced by a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against the elder brother, who struck the blow with the hoe as was proved that he acknowledged, together with threats made against Colvin's life It was about this time that Wm. M and a verdict of manslaughter on accessory to murder, against the other brother under which one was sentenced to be hung and the other to state's prison for life. But these doubts were all removed when it come out after the conviction and while the one sentenced to be hung was awaiting the time fixed for his execution. that he had confessed to the murder .-

borne down by a tornado of prejudice, and convicted without evidence of guilt. "But why did you make the confession?

This contession, duly prepared by some

one who had access to the prisoner, was

published, and that settled the case a-

gainst the doubters. In the meantime

the other brother, who had gone to his

life imprisonment, was looked upon as

hardened villain, because he persisted in

still asserting their innocence. It was an

assertion that availed just as much, and

no more, than it did when they were

was asked the convicted man. Because life was still dear, and I was assured that that was the only way to save it. I was told that if I would confess, my punishment would be commuted and I might join my brother. Anything I thought, rather than the gallows. I knew I had been a wicked man, and I very great sin, as it would give me more time for repentance. I could not read or write, and scarcely knew what the paper contained that I was told to put my name to. I seen found what purpose it was wanted for. It was not to same my life. but to prove to my friends that my condemnation had been just. I soon found that I had nothing to hope-that I must die on the gallows."

While one is toiling in prison and the other within three weeks of death, let us visit a farm house in New Jersey, and look in upon a quiet, pleasant evening scene, where the head of the family is reading to those gathered around to hear "the news" which a weekly New York paper affords them. He has just finished a detailed account of the trial and conviction of the Bownes for the murder of Colvin. During the reading, the wife of the farmer had her attention very much divided between the interest which she felt in the account and the effect it seemed to produce upon an individual present-s man who usually gave no indication of interest in anything not immediately connected with the farm.

"Husband," said the wife, "did you observe Richard while you were reading? He acted singular."

"He is a very singular individual,"

was the reply. So he was, and Mr. Smith had reason for his opinion. About seven years previous to the time, during Mr. Smith's ab sence with farm produce at market in this city, this man came to his house, walking in with all the familiarity of one at home making inquiries about family affairs and how they had all been during his absence -in fact, assuming in all business matters about the place the position of Mr Smith as though he was that individual and had just returned home after a long journey. At first, Mrs. Smith was alarm ed, but soon found that her new lord was an inoffensive, barmless maniac.

When Mr. Smith returned, the new comer met him at the gate, invited him in

tons, aworn to by the widow as having | him if he would have his horse put up and stay all night, and finally seemed to come to the conclusion that he had a right to stay, from the fact that he was some one that had been attending to his affairs during his long absence-for such the deranged man considered it. And in this position the new comer not only installed himself, but continued for several long years a valuable laborer asking as his only recomponse, his food and clothes a privilege of calling everything his, although willing to allow the real owner to transact all the business and handle all the money. The only name he was known by was Richard, and he utterly refused to give any clue to who or what he was or where he came from, and he soon ceased to be a wonder. It was remarked that he had a scar of a severe cut on his head, and whenever any allusion was made to it, he showed some excitement, and sometimes anger. Otherwise, he was docile, contented and quiet, never desiring to go anywhere off the farm. This evening, during the reading of the murder trial of the Bownes.he had shown more interest than ever observed before upon any subject unconnected with every day occupations, and this being observed by Mrs. Smith, led to frequent consultation and querries, coupled with attempts to elicit something from Richard that would connect him with that affair. but all without success

> Price became in some way cognizant of the circumstances connected with this singular individual, and having also read the account of the trial and conviction of the men, as he thought upon insufficient evidence, he made a journey on purpese to see the man Richard, and elicit, if possible something from him. Undoubtedly it was through the influence of Mr. Price, that Mr. Smith took the course he did; for the more he thought upon the strange disappearance of Colvin in Vermont and the sudden appearance of this man in New Jersey, and his mysterious conduct since, and coupled that with a scar upon his head he determined to not, perhaps to save the life of an innocent man ; at all events, to satisfy himself, that he had not been criminally negligent in permitting a man to be executed whom he could save. But how was he to carry his plan into execution? This was, without letting another party into the secret, so as to bring ridicule on himself, if he were mistaken in his supposition, to take Richard to Manchester, and see, if any one there, particularly his wife would recognize him after a seven years absence, changed as he undoubtedly was in his appearance. Our philanthropist, was convinced from all that he could get of Richard that it would not do to make any direct proposition to him on the subject, but the more he thought upon the matter the more determined he was to act. and there was no time to lose, as only three weeks now remained to the condemned man .- We forget what stratagem was used to induce the deranged man to make an unwonted journey; though we are impressed with the opinion it was to purchase an addition to the farm, which he had long desired, that he consented to make a journey by mail stage-there were no railroads forty years ago-traveling day and night into some unknown region, with ont exciting suspicion that their ultimate determination was a plan concerning which he never would hold any conversation.

> In the mean time, the discussion of the nnocence or guilt of the man about to be bung had broken out afresh as he had reacted his confession, and insisted that it had been obtained by false pretenses, and that he was innocent. Besides, he had a dream, three times repeated, that Colvin was alive, and would make his appearance though, as he said " not until after he was hung."

During this state of things there was crowd at the public house in Manchester discussing this topic, one evening, when the stage from the south drove up .- A mong the crowd which always gathers around the door when the stage arrives at a village inn wasa man who had rather firmly maintained that Bowne, was guilty until the dream came out; but being believer in dreams," his faith was staggered and he said he "didn't know about it." The stage driver reined up at the door, and the lantern of the hostler opened the blaze of a tallow candle full in the faces of the passengers as they alighted Mr. Smith alighted without exciting any remark. Not so his companion. It was an anxious moment for Smith, for there was the spot where his suspicions were to be proved true and his hopes to save the life of an innocent man gratified, or foreyer crushed. He said to Richard as he got and welcomed him to the house; asked out, "come, let us hurry and get supper before the stage starts." As Richard get

out, the light fell full in his face, blinding his vision, but enabling-the crowd to see him to advantage. He was startled at a vociferation of the individual who had been troubled about the dream, who exclaimed. "So help me God, but there is Richard Colvin." Twenty other men were present to confirm the assertion, and in the next minute the whole town might have been there to add confirmation, for shout after shout pealed out upon the night sir-" Colvin has come" The doomed man in the cell listened to a wild commotion in the world outside-the world that he expected to look upon for the last time-the bells were ringing-shoats grew louder and approached the prison-and now the brass field piece gives its notes to the general din. He listens. What can it mean? The crowd are coming. The cannon is at the door. There is an altercation with the jailor. The crowd demand the instant release of the prisoner. The jailor objects. " Certain forms are to be gone through with-to open the door now would not be legal." " No matter" the crowd replies, "for form. Stand aside, or we will apply the match and blow the door open, for Colvin has come! Hurrah!"

And the door was opened and the doom ed man walked out that night-that Colvin came-restored to life, freedom and his wife and children; a wondrously happy man but not more so than the one who had taken such pains to bring the most tangible proof possible, that the prisoner was not a murderer. Colvin was universally recognized by all who had known him, but obstinately refused to recognize any one, not even his wife and children, and insisted upon "going home," as he termed Mr. Smith's house where he had spent so many years. In this he was gratified as soon as the necessary proof of his identity could be taken, so as to liberate the other brother.

There is a lesson that may be profitably remembered and that is not to rely teo strongly upon the identity of human remains, and be careful of circumstantial evidence, and not convict a fellow man of a great crime by the virdict of a prejudiced community.

THE Hoo .- A prelific theme readerfull a score of longer articles than this is to be, might be written of both Que hogs and Bi-hogs and not exhaust the subject. It is not altogether an agricultural subject, for commerce and manufactures have devotees whose grab and grunt tell precisely of their swinish proclivities. But cosmopolitan as he is, we do not propse to ramify largely to find one to talk of. He may be nearer your personal self then Hillsmad! I want you look on dat watch." you are aware of. Some families have them for pets. He is a prominent character at some firesides, at the table, and in all his relations does he exhibit the marked characteristic of this animal. Perhaps, Ben, yonder, will serve as an illustration. He has just returned from the post office (and in a reading family, this is an event engaging the attention of the whole household circle). He is greeted with, "Ben, what mail did you get? Did you get any letters? Any papers?" Ben answers not a word, pulls out his favorite periodical, sits himself down in the essiest chair (to be sure) he can find, and surrenders himself to a greedy and hogish devouring of its contents. Sister Kate is watching him, tenderly hoping he will for once read the story and poetry out loud, for she has detected him turning first to these pages. Little Bob wants to see the puzzles and conundrums, or that story. But Ben serves himself first .quite in character. Ben may be a husband : his wife may be able to listen to him. But the long evening passes, he silent with his paper, she silent with her sewing. He has no cheerful word, no instructive sketch to read, no household subject to discuss with her. The paper read, he tosses it to her carlessly, and retires a hog! Yes reader, a hog in the

broadest sense. Perhaps some one may see themselves as others see them if we take the mirror down now-perhaps some one is set thinking-perhaps some one nervously glances up at Mrs. -, just the other side the work-stand, and looks more tenderly than has been his wont, at the silent, sober sewer. Perhaps, Ben, be he brother or husband, resolves to be no longer a -- hog ! -Emory's (Chicago) Journal.

-A "hose" doctor in Olean, made a bet of twenty dollars, that he could remove from any horse anything that nature had not placed on the beast-meaning ringbone, spavine, etc. A wag took the bet, showed him a mortgage for one hundred and fifty dollars on a favorite horse, and pocketed the twenty dollars.

MISTAKES OF PRINTERS .- Some people are continually wondering at the "care lessness" of editors in allowing so many errors and blunders to appear in their columns and mar the print. Such people knew very little of the difficulties-we had almost said impossibilities of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors greeping in even when professional proof-readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs on that ac count are often burridly examined, the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject the following anecdote is not inappropriate.

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof-readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, a reward of £50 offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered one of which was in the first line of the first

When such was the case in a city long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper which must necessarily be burried through the press while it is news ; and where the compensation will hardly afford one " experienced proof-reader," let alone six. The wonted accuracy of our papers is really astonishing.

-We are aware that we are infringing on Dewey's patent in telling the following: but that is between him and us. The story is true, and we only wish we could make it half as funny in print, as it was in fact. One day a wiry little Frenchman-one

of the tolerably well-to-do class-carrying his bullet head with the air of a man who knows entirely what he is about, and wearing on his pock-marked face the intense expression of one on important business, marched into one of our Burlington Jewelry Stores. Looking in the face of one of the proprietors, who came to wait on him, in dead silence broken once or twice as he turned to open the tobacco-stained crack in his visage and eject a jet of the juce of the weed through his closed teeth. he proceeded to extract from his vest pocket, a venerable time-piece, about the size of a large onion, and constructed in concentric layers, like that peculiar vogetable This he placed with an indignant thump upon the counter, and broke out : " Mees I see it," was the reply. " Well, you see onto it some more." "Why, what's the matter with it?" "Well, you see I mak it ma princeep (strong accent on the "ceep",) Mees Hillmad, pour go ma bed, toniours, half-beure fore ten 'clock, hebery night. Well, I buy dat : I pay nine dollar dat watch. I go ma bed las week, tree time, half ten 'clock on dat watch,be gar, all tree time he a'nt sun-down

The collapse among the by-standers. about that time, may be left to the imagination of the reader .- Free Press.

A Good ONE .- Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract Hotel was a spruce, foppish looking young man, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of cologne and other things. A lean, so emnfaced man, after passing the dandy several times with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone, said to him

"Stranger, I know what'll take that an scent out of your clothes ; you-" "What do you mean, mr ?" said the

exquisits, with indignation. " O, get mad now-swear, pitch around and fight, because a man wants to do you kindness, won't you 7" cooly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know

what'll take out that smell-phew! You must bury your clothes; bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh he got foul of a skunk At that instant there went up from the

crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very scasibly " cleared the coop." and rushed up stairs. VINE DISEASE .- The French government

has awarded to John Kyle, a medal valued at \$500, beside a handsome sum in money, for the discovery of the sulphur cure of the vine disease. It is stated that the potatoe disease is identical with the vine disease, and capable of cure by the same means. Experience has shown that quick lime answers the same purpose as sulphur. The lime should be sown upon the vines on the first appearance of the disease. The remedy is very simple, and farmers should test it whenever the disease makes its appearance.

Summer Tour in Europe

The more interest of friends abrend is now reading the prepared them to supply, at the points viented, the chief objects of curiosity; and this is all which we deem it necessary to condense

The Vanderbilt, passing around the Isle of Wight, discharged her passengers and mails for Southampton at the harbor of Cowes, April 20th, and crossing the British Channel passed along the French shore till at the broad mouth of the Seine she rounded a point and entered the barber of Havre. Allowing five and a half hours for the difference of time in going east she was just ten days and six hours from her dock in New York to her anchorage in Havre, having sailed at seven in the morning of April 10th. An ingenious method has been devised, by which the distance made by steam vessels is measured by a mechanical register of the revolutions of the wheels. A certain allowance is made for the slip of the wheel, which in the average is estimated by the Engineer of the Vanderbilt at fifteen feet to each revolution; the diameter of the wheel is forty-two feet. The number of ravolutions registered was 181,098; which is said to give the aggregate result nearly

as obtained by log.

The harbor of Havre is crowded with shipping, and the difficulty is not a little annoying, in passing from vessel to vessel over those lying nearest the dock. It is accomplished without complaint, however, in senson for a cordial appreciation of a good horel, and the comforts of a night

A railroad of fifty three miles takes the travellers to Rouen by 2 P. M., April 21, where the attractions of the ancient capital of Normandy are mingled with the stir of an active and busy population, engaged in the cotton manufacture. The great cathedral gives them its first impressions of the grandeur of ecclesiastical architecture. It dates back to 1250, though parts of it were built subsequently, and measures, within, a length of 435 feet, height of the nave 891 feet. These proportions accompanied with the minute finish of the middle ages impressed upon them, our Americans hardly expect to see anything more grand in Europe. The church of St. Ouen, of nearly as old a date, is said to equal the cathedral in extent, and surpass it in purity of style .-To Paris the distance by railroad, following and crossing repeatedly the Seine, is 84 miles It is accomplished by 5 e'clock, P. M., of April 22, in just two weeks from Middlebury.

The Hotel du Louvre on the Rue Rivoli opposite the garden of the Tuilleries, is the home of the party during their twelve days residence in the city These beautiful public grounds with those of the Louvre and Place Carousal, lie for more than half a mile in the centre of the city, between the River and Rue Riveli, set with varieties of ornamental trees, in some parts grown to a forest, laid out in walks and adorned with fountains and statunry. Upon the garden, at its eastern end, extends the Palace of the Tuilleries. This is the position of the party newly arrived, in the bloom of the season, for 'its first observation of the capital of France. The stone of which Paris is built is

light and cheerful in color: in architecture the French themselves have had and are having a present, developing with their own civilization; they have a passion for the reality of art, if less ideal than some of their cotemporaries, and realize the indulgence of this in displays of it so liberal and works so perfect, that more artistic peoples pay them court and acknowledge their superiority in erecution. As in art, in which they display best, so in commerce dress, or mechanical skill. The nationality acts in every lepartment alike, and realizes to the stranger the best it can do in its capital. Pere La Cheise was for a generation the best burial place it could form. It was commenced in 1804 by Napoleon, was three miles from the centre of the city, yet chiefly overlooking it, and was the first of modern cemeteries so acceptable to the living, associating the exquisite in Nature with the dead.

Versailles is not the monument of the Bourbons, as are not the Pyramids to any Egyptian dynasty if form, but brass or marble will not be wanting to them while its empty splendors endure. It is the Tadmor of Louis XIV. It is a pageant of royal extravagance, having no parallel in the periods of modern civilization Maintained in perfect order as it is, the stranger may and must admire it; the French would willingly forget it, if it were not for the Revolution which it cost. Our friends were charmed with the Bois du Bologoo. So, it is said, was Franklin in his day, and often sat and read or